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REVIEWS

The Masque of Anarchy; a Poem. By Percy Bysshe Shelley: now first published; with a preface by Leigh Hunt. London: Moxon.

GENIUS, though it may be for a time unhonoured, must eventually have its triumph. It may be scorned, spurned, trampled on—it may live friendless, and lay down a wearied spirit in a welcome grave;—but the hour of its glory must come, when all living men shall acknowledge it, and all succeeding generations join in one loud song of exaltation and praise. Nay, the time cannot be long deferred—once in the grave, and prejudice, selfishness, or ignorance,—nothing can touch it further; the heart of man forbids it—the spirit of a father-land makes it impossible. The triumph of genius is one in which all men share, aye, even the humblest—it is fame to their common country, and is, in its aggregated strength, the best security we can have, that we shall be remembered even as a nation. Nothing is permanent but mind:—wars have their glory, conquests their renown, generals their triumph—but the duration of all these is measured by months, or years, or centuries:—it is the mind made manifest by nations—it is their pre-eminence in literature and art, that gives them to enduring fame. What is it that glorifies ancient Greece?—that awakens in us a living interest, two thousand years after she has ceased to be registered among nations? Her intellectual superiority: and so long as one fragment of her sculpture, one vestige of her architecture, one verse of her poets, or one page of her historians, shall remain, so long will she live fresh and young in her renown. But where is Carthage now—her equal every way as a nation—who entered Europe as a conqueror, and knocked at the gates of imperial Rome—the wisdom of whose laws and policy was commended by her very enemies—whose daring enterprises startled the old world—where is her glory?

The fame of our country is, indeed, a rich inheritance: Englishmen feel this, and will not permit the humblest of the sons of genius to pass away without due honour. These feelings were joyfully awakened on receiving 'The Masque of Anarchy,' a poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley, and on reading the editor's apology for having so long deferred the publication. What a fate was Shelley's! whom all men now consent to honour—whose name now awakens universal admiration—whose idlest thoughts and most immature speculations are now treasured as literary relics—whose fame, it is now acknowledged, is "like the tree planted by the waters, and whose leaf shall be green for ever." Yet it is only eleven years—eleven short years! (Dec. 8,

1821,) since the following criticism on one of his most beautiful poems, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*—

"We have already given some of our columns to this writer's merit, and we will not now repeat our convictions of his *incurable absurdity*. 'Adonais,' an elegy, is the form in which Mr. Shelley puts forth his woes. We give a verse at random, premising that there is no story in the elegy, and that it consists of fifty-five stanzas, which are, to our seeming, altogether *unconnected, interjectional, and nonsensical*. The poetry of the work is *contemptible*—a mere collection of bloated words, heaped on each other without order, harmony, or meaning; the refuse of a schoolboy's common-place book, full of the vulgarisms of pastoral poetry, yellow gems and blue stars, bright Phebus and rosy-fingered Aurora; and of such stuff is Keats' wretched elegy compiled."

We have omitted, in this extract, all the gross personalities—all the heartless exaltation over the grave of poor Keats: we have confined ourselves to the critic's opinions of the poem, and the poet—opinions that no man, who had any reverence for genius in others, or any "longings after immortality" himself, could have advanced, however seriously and honestly he might be opposed to the metaphysical dreams of the gentle and self-denying poet. Genius must reverence and respect genius; and this universal truth ought to have secured Southey from the vulgar suspicion of having written the attack in the *Quarterly*. Genius would not dare to hold up genius to contempt, though it might to hatred—it would be felt as self-degradation—it would be teaching the world to laugh at its own crown of glory, as if it were a fool's cap—it would be pointing the finger of scorn at its best hopes and highest ambition.

But it may be asked, had not all past errors better be forgotten?—aye, truly had they; but then offenders must not glorify themselves, and prank it before us with an insane for-

+ Is the hand that penned this review as cold as the heart that dictated it must ever have been? We presume so, nay, we are sure of it, for the present editor, ignorant or oblivious of the past, writes last week, with a simplicity that made us smile, "For the *Literary Gazette*, we shall only add, that it challenges calumny itself to name the works, which, during fifteen years, it has praised, and which have not been received with public approbation: or the works which it has censured, and which have not been unsuccessful?" We know not what Calumny would answer, but Honesty, if in a hurry, might refer to this criticism on the 'Adonais,' in refutation of one of these assertions; and as to the other, we should think the THIRTY THOUSAND VOLUMES offered at EIGHTPENCE A-PIECE by one house, (that shall be nameless,) ON CONDITION THAT THEY WERE EXPEDITED, might be held conclusive—to say nothing of the review of Charles Lamb, which drew down the indignation of Southey, in his memorable poem ending thus memorably—

I ween, old friend! thou art not worse bested,
When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim,
Dulness hath thrown a Jerdon at thy head—
Or the half-dozen (exactly,—see Index to the *Gazette*) commendatory criticisms on the Burlington Street 'Juvenile Library,' or the flanking report of Moyle Sherer's 'Life of Wellington,' which, unaided, except by our few words of exposure, absolutely ruined the projected 'Cabinet Library' of Messrs. Longman.

‡ See *Athenæum* for 1830, p. 491.

getfulness that not all the drowsy syrups of the east can explain. It would indeed be a most disgusting labour to rake into "the light of common day" the past sins of our critical literature, when, in the blindness of success, the traders forgot that the folly which cheered them on to their unholy labours, was but hoodwinked, and when pounds sterling of profit were thought better than a clear conscience. But loathing and disgust are no apology for neglecting a duty, or infamy would have its privilege and charter, and the very fumes that encircle corruption become a halo to protect it. We pray, therefore, that they will rest satisfied with our silence, and leave us to repose.

England knows but too little of the poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley: stern and sarcastic reviews of his works shut the heart of his country against him; and certain differences in opinion between him and the main body of the people, sealed his volumes for a time. With all his faults, Shelley was one of the very noblest of our latter poets: his mind was deeply and thoroughly imbued with song; he could look on nothing but with a poet's eye, and there was often a sublimity in his sentiments, a fervour in his feelings, and a lustre in his language, such as have seldom been surpassed. His chief fault as a poet, is a desire to shadow forth his own peculiar beliefs and notions in his characters and narratives: this has occasioned a certain obscurity and mysticism, which few people will take the trouble to unriddle; and his chief fault as a man, is his wild speculations in religion and morals, which have alarmed the sensitive, and vexed the devout. We are sincerely sorry for these drawbacks; but, at the same time, we are quite sure that they are by far too romantic to do much harm: that he was sincere, there can be no doubt: his opinions he maintained, and was a martyr for them; they formed his faith, and for them he was ready to die. Shelley was a sincere man; he was open of heart, and honest of nature. We quarrel with no man about his gods, providing he believes in them; we reverence even those

Who perish for the truth
Of the elephant and monkey's tooth.

He who is a martyr in a cause with his own free will,

The devil's in him if he feigns.

The poem before us is political: it was written on that sad occurrence called the Manchester Massacre; and written too in great haste, but not without inspiration. In truth, it is far superior to its subject. Shelley was too much of a poet to be a good politician, and, with every wish to be simple and plain, he is much too lofty in his conceptions to be either; certainly, his account of the Peterloo affair, is not in the customary style of reports; it is full of fine snatches of poetry, and though the numbers are, for the sake of effect, some-

times purposely neglected, there is no deficiency in either vigour or harmony. The work is introduced by a preface from the pen of Mr. Leigh Hunt, to whom 'The Masque' was given; there is such good criticism and interesting information respecting Shelley, as deserve to be widely known:—

"The poem, though written purposely in a lax and familiar measure, is highly characteristic of the author. It has all the ardour of his tone; the unbounded sensibility by which he combines the most domestic with the most remote and fanciful images; and the patience, so beautifully checking, and, in fact, produced by, the extreme impatience of his moral feeling. His patience is the deposit of many impatiences, acting upon an equal measure of understanding and moral taste. His wisdom is the wisdom of a heart overcharged with sensibility, acquiring the profoundest notions of justice from the completest sympathy, and at once taking refuge from its pain, and working out its extremest purposes, in the adoption of a stubborn and loving fortitude which neutralizes resistance. His very strokes of humour, while they startle with their quaintness and even ghastliness, cut to the heart with pathos. The fourth and fifth stanzas, for instance, of this poem, involve an allusion, which becomes affecting from our knowing what he must have felt when he wrote it. It is to his own children, who were taken from him by the late Lord Chancellor, under that preposterous law by which every succeeding age might be made to blush for the tortures inflicted on the opinions of its predecessor."

Some future biographer will be glad to enlighten his pages with the following passage—it is full of character, and reflects the man as well as the poet:—

"Mankind, and their interests, were scarcely ever out of his thoughts. It was a moot point when he entered your room, whether he would begin with some half-pleasant, half-pensive joke, or quote something Greek, or ask some question about public affairs. I remembered his coming upon me when I had not seen him a long time; and after grappling my hands with both his, in his usual fervent manner, sitting down, and looking at me very earnestly, with a deep though melancholy interest in his face. We were sitting in a cottage study, with our knees to a fire, to which we had been getting nearer and nearer in the comfort of finding ourselves together; the pleasure of seeing him was my only feeling at the moment; and the air of domesticity about us was so complete, that I thought he was going to speak of some family matter—either his or my own; when he asked me, at the close of an intensity of pause, what was 'the amount of the National Debt.'"

"I used to rally him upon the apparent inconsequentiality of his manner upon these occasions; and he was always ready to carry on the joke, because he said that my laughter did not hinder my being in earnest. With deepest love and admiration was my laughter mixed, or I should not have ventured upon paying him the compliment of it."

"I have now before me his corrected proof of an anonymous pamphlet which he wrote in the year 1817, entitled, 'A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote through the Country.' I will make an extract or two from it to show how zealous he was on the subject; how generous in the example which he offered to set in behalf of Reform; and how judicious as well as fervent this most calumniated and noble spirit could be in recommending the most avowed of his opinions. The title-page of the proof is scrawled over with sketches of trees and foliage, which was a habit of his in the intervals of thinking, whenever he had pen or pencil in hand. He would indulge in it while waiting for you at an

inn, or in a door-way, scratching his elms and oak-trees on the walls. He did them very spiritedly, and with what the painters call a gusto, particularly in point of grace. If he had room, he would add a cottage, and a piece of water, with a sailing-boat mooring among the trees. This was his *beau idéal* of a life, the repose of which was to be earned by a zeal for his species, and warranted by the common good. What else the image of a boat brings to the memory of those who have lost him, I will not say, especially as he is still with us in his writings. But it is worth observing how agreeably this habit of sketching trees and bowers evinced the gentleness of my friend's nature, the longing he had for rest; and the smallness of his personal desires."

'The Masque of Anarchy,' is a dream: the poet supposes himself asleep in Italy; fearful visions appear to him; masked shapes of those who he knew were far away, but not dead, go in procession past:

I met Murder on the way,
He had a mask like Castlereagh;
Very smooth he looked, though grim;
Seven blood-hounds followed him.

Who these were, we shall leave the poem to say; in the rear of this infernal troop, rode Anarchy, in whose honour 'The Masque' is written:—

Last came Anarchy; he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
And on his brow this mark I saw—
"I am God, and King, and Law!"

With a pace stately and fast,
O'er English land he past,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they
Rode through England proud and gay,
Drunk with intoxication
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,
Passed the pageant swift and free,
Tearing up, and trampling down,
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sickened,
Hearing the tempestuous cry
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,
The hired murderers who did sing,
"Thou art God, and Law, and King."

"We have waited, weak and lone,
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

Lawyers and priests bow to the earth before this terrible figure, and whisper, "Thou art Law and God;" others take up the word, and hail Anarchy as a holy and a glorious being:—

And Anarchy, the skeleton,
Bowed and grinned to every one,
As well as if his education
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces
Of our kings were nightly his;
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,
And the gold-in-woven robe.

So he sent his slaves before
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,
And was proceeding with intent
To meet his pensioned parliament.

When one fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said:
But she looked more like Despair;
And she cried out in the air;

"My father, Time, is weak and grey
With waiting for a better day;
See how idiot-like he stands,
Fumbling with his palsied hands!"

"He has had child after child,
And the dust of death is piled
O'er every one but me—
Misery! oh, Misery!"

Hope is soon made aware that brighter times are at hand.

When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak and frail
Like the vapour of the vale:

Till, as clouds grown on the blast,
Like tower-crown'd giants striding fast
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,
A planet, like the morning's ray;
And those plumes it light raised through,
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With steps as soft as wind it passed
O'er the heads of men—so fast
That they knew the presence there,
And looked—and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath the footsteps waken,
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprang where'er that step did fall.

And the prostrate multitude
Looked—and ankle deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien.

In truth, Anarchy and his companions are now fled or dead; the earth is glad, old England smiles, and breaks out in a song of rejoicing. In this hymn of triumph, she gives much good counsel to her children; and entreats them to cherish Freedom, whom she thus addresses:—

"What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery."

"Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the caves of Fame."

"For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home."

"Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude;
No; in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be."

As in England now we see.

"To the rich thou art a check,
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim; thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake."

"Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold,
As laws are in England: thou
Shield'st alike the high and low."

"Thou art Wisdom—Freedom never
Dreams that God will damn for ever
All who think those things untrue,
Of which priests make such ado."

"Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be,
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Lengued to quench thy flame in Gaul."

"What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth, even as a flood!
It availed—oh, Liberty!
To dim—but not extinguish thee."

"Thou art Love—the rich have kist
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,
Give their substance to the free,
And through the rough world follow thee."

"Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make
War for thy beloved sake,
On wealth and war and fraud: whence they
Drew the power which is their prey."

"Science, and Poetry, and Thought,
Are thy lamps: they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene, they curse it not."

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless,
Art thou: let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness."

"Let a great assembly be
Of the fearless, of the free,
On some spot of English ground,
Where the plains stretch wide around,

"Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth, on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be,
Witness the solemnity."

We have now enabled our readers to judge of this work for themselves; we are glad not only of the opportunity which Mr. Hunt has given us, of speaking once more † about a poet whose genius we reverence; but we are well pleased to see a poem of such singularity and merit as 'The Masque of Anarchy,' added to the other works of Shelley.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.—VOL. III.

History of the Reformed Religion in France.
Vol. I. By the Rev. Edward Smedley,
M.A. London: Rivingtons.

THE history of the French Protestants is richly deserving of study; and it will probably be remembered by our readers, that when Dr. Robertson was uncertain, after finishing the History of Scotland, respecting the choice of some new subject, Gibbon strongly recommended him to turn his attention to this. "The events," said he, "are important in themselves, and intimately connected with the great revolutions of Europe; some of the boldest or most amiable characters of modern times, the Admiral Coligny, Henry IV., &c. would be your peculiar heroes; the materials are copious and authentic, and accessible; and the objects appear to stand at that just distance which excites curiosity, without inspiring passion." A very slight acquaintance with the subject will prove that the historian was right. The period when the religious wars commenced in France, was characterized by many powerful and opposite causes of excitement. Chivalry was then in its passage from the grand and almost solemn form of its primitive profession and usages, to that secondary state of the institution from which it passed into, and was confounded with, the common rules of society. Loyalty was then, more perhaps than at any other period, or with any other people, a principle with the French, which held both reason and affection in subservience to the monarch. On the other hand, an encouragement had been given to literature and the arts, which infused throughout the nation a desire of improvement, and awakened it to a keen observance of what was occurring in neighbouring countries. When once an active spirit is abroad, though it may pass here and there without producing any permanent effects among the multitude, it is sure in the end to find a resting place with some few bold, anxious, and capricious minds, who seem to gather up and appropriate the energy which was intended to keep the whole mass in a state of moderate and healthy exercise. Thus, the circumstances in which France was placed at the commencement of the Reformation were, in more than one respect, favourable to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the overthrow of superstition; but it was only a few who earnestly embraced the opportunity of escaping the thralldom of ignorance, and followed up the impulse given them from without. Their fate, and that of those who, as their example extended its influence, pursued the same track, furnishes the main topic of interest in the history of the period. They were placed in a different situation to most other

religious reformers. Theologians joined hands with politicians, and questions of state had to be debated by those whose sole object it was at first to worship God as they saw fit. In a very short time from the commencement of their proceedings, a large and disciplined army supported their cause. Some of the most distinguished characters in the nation marched at their head to encounter the forces of the sovereign, and it became a matter of great doubt which party would conquer. It was only in fact at the very beginning of the Reformation that the French protestants suffered, after the manner of other martyrs, for religion. Subsequent to that era, the struggle presents all the features of a national conflict; and at the last, we seem to have lost sight of persecution, which loves to particularize and select, and see only the fell demon of tyranny sweeping his victims from the earth with more than ordinary malignity.

It was in the diocese of Meaux, that the principles of Lutheranism first appeared. William Briconnet, the bishop, was a man of piety and learning, and the intercourse which shortly before his conversion had taken place between several French scholars and those of Germany, appears to have been the original cause of the change thus produced in his mind. Farel, Roussel, and other reformers, became thenceforward his constant associates: and at length Peter Le Clerc, a wool-comber by trade, but a man of great ability, was chosen by the protestant people of Meaux, as their regular pastor. A congregation of between three and four hundred persons attended his preaching, and for a short time they remained unmolested. No sooner, however, was attention awakened to their proceedings, than they were made to feel the danger of their situation. Le Clerc was apprehended, whipped, and branded; and exertions were made by the priests to induce the king to proceed to further extremities. But Francis was of too generous a nature, to be made a persecutor at once; and Le Clerc, with several of his companions, were allowed to make their escape. Thus foiled, the zealots, who had hoped to extinguish by a single effort the new light which had been set up, immediately redoubled their exertions. The humanity of Francis was tampered with till it assented to the bigotry of his advisers. In 1529, Lewis Berquin, a Flemish nobleman of irreproachable character, was apprehended on a charge of heresy, and brought to trial. The judges condemned him to have his tongue bored through, and to be imprisoned for life. He ventured to declare that he would appeal from their decision to the King and the Pope, which was no sooner known, than, by another sentence, he was ordered to be forthwith burnt.

This is a true specimen of the mode in which the church and government of France commenced hostilities against the Lutherans. The monarch, who was the very flower of chivalry, became in a brief period all that the most zealous members of an intolerant priesthood could desire. He joined them in processions, feasted with them in honour of their barbarities, and accompanied them when they went to witness and glut over the agonies of their victims. The power which the Guises acquired in the subsequent reign, was all employed in fanning the flames of

persecution; but an almost equivalent force was exerted in favour of the protestants by the noble-minded Condé and Coligny, the devout Queen of Navarre, and some few others of like rank and virtue. Piety and valour were thus brought into direct collision with power, set in action by untamed zeal, fierce intolerance, and unholy ambition.

It requires no slight ability in a writer to detail with force and clearness the causes and events of a conflict of this nature. There are many difficulties in the way of candour, in prosecuting such a work, and Gibbon seems in this respect to have forgotten himself, when he said that it was fitted to inspire curiosity without exciting passion. But Mr. Smedley has performed his task with equal ability and honesty. The 'Sketches of Venetian History,' noticed by us some time back, proceeded, we believe, from his pen; and in addition to the title to respect which that elegant little work affords him, he has that of being the careful and laborious editor of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.' We cannot pretend by extracts to give an idea of a work, of which the great merit consists in rapid narrative, and reflections that do not admit of being separated from the facts to which they belong, but must rest content, on closing this interesting and ably written volume, with wishing for it, the success it so well deserves.

History of the Greek Revolution. By T. Gordon, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

WE received these important volumes at so late an hour, that it is utterly impossible for us to do anything like justice to their merits; but we have seen enough to justify us in declaring, that they must at once take their rank among our standard histories. The school-boy enthusiasm with which men of ardent temperament hailed the Greek revolution—the fever of excitement in which the memory of the past became a part of the hope of the future, while hope in return lent its vivid colouring to the pale shades of memory, has cooled; the virulence of interested Levant traders, who feared to see the acuteness of the Greeks substituted for the apathetic stupidity of the Turks, has passed away; speculators in Greek stock no longer exhaust the resources of fancy to pervert fact; the timid lovers of order have ceased to dread that the example of Grecian insurrection will stimulate to rebellion the operatives of Manchester, the frame-breakers of Nottingham, the weavers of Glasgow, or the whiteboys of Ireland. The time has come when a history of the Greek war *can* be written; and we doubt whether a person more adequate to the task could be found, than the gentleman whose work is before us. Though his enthusiasm in favour of the Greeks, led Mr. Gordon to take a personal share in the war for their liberation, he preserved in his campaigns the characteristic caution and prudence of a Scotchman: the extravagant promises of the insurgent chiefs he rated at their just value, the vapouring declamations of summer patriots he heard with complacent incredulity; and, on the other hand, he regarded with cool indifference the overcharged accusations of disappointed enthusiasm, and the countless calumnies of consular malignity. In his brief

† See Athenæum, No. 194.

superb brilliant. The other trinket was a chain of diamonds and pearls set by Foncier. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and must have been invaluable at Madrid, where stones are always so badly set. M. d'Aranjo was considering, in the midst of the *bandoleros*, how he should conceal these things. The watch soon found its way into one of his boots, and the chain into that part of his habiliments which no person had ever thought of examining, since he was whipped as a truant schoolboy. The robbers expected a rich booty; for what they wanted, was these very jewels, which had been seen at Bayonne, with several others; and a report was prevalent that M. d'Aranjo had been entrusted with the crown jewels of Portugal, to have them re-set. His over-prudence had done all the mischief. He always carried this watch and chain about his person lest he should lose them; and at this period the Spanish police were so inefficient, that you could not walk a league from Madrid without incurring the danger of being carried off by a fine troop of brigands, well dressed, well armed, and whose appearance was a thousand times more splendid than the king's troops, who had neither bread, shoes, nor money. Thus, when the latter met the brigands face to face, they always sustained defeat. No one ever travelled without an escort of seven or eight men at least. The men most to be depended upon as guards were natives of Arragon, or Asturians. M. d'Aranjo had taken this escort; but, as he was not timid, and fancied there was no danger, he had that morning gone on before his escort, who were to meet him at the place where he intended to dine. He had scarcely gone a distance of six miles when he was attacked, as I have before stated. The robbers immediately plundered the carriages, and broke open all the boxes in that in which the minister travelled; but not finding what they expected, they drew their knives, and threatened to kill M. d'Aranjo, who, having secured the watch and chain, bid them defiance, told them that they were a set of villains, whom he would give orders to have hanged. This was rather imprudent; but it was right, he said, always to endeavour to intimidate such men by an attitude to which they were not accustomed under such circumstances.

"But you braved death," said I, "which, permit me to say, was an act of madness; and, indeed, with a poignard at your throat, you were not far off."

"Oh! no.... I cannot think so.... Besides," he added, after having reflected an instant, "it is all the same thing. I could not lower myself to such scoundrels.... They might take, but it was not for me to give!"

"It seems that the secretary was not so absolute as his master in his ideas of personal dignity, for he made the most humble supplications to the robbers. But when he heard the Count peremptorily refuse to deliver up the money and jewels, all his respect for his patron merged in his fears."

"My lord! my lord!" he cried, in a voice of despair, "you do not consider what you are about.—My good gentlemen, I will tell you where the money is." Then raising himself half up in the ditch where he lay—"Gentlemen," he said, "look there, on the left side of the carriage, there is a small brass knob in the panel,—press that, good gentlemen, and take all, but pray do not kill us.... The jewels are there likewise."

"And he uttered every word in a tremulous and doleful voice, and accompanied with a frightful chattering of the teeth.... The poor man was as pale as a ghost, and during several months after was like one bewildered."

"But, my lord," said he, after the robbers were gone, "you could not have been in earnest." He was then informed that the watch and chain

had been saved, which alarmed him so much that he wanted to call back the brigands and give up these trinkets. "For depend upon it," he said, "they expected to get them."

We conclude, for the present, with a ludicrous account of a scene on the heights of Boulogne.

"Madame B—r, the mother of Madame Laplanche-Mortier, had never before been so near the Emperor; and nothing could prevent her from leaving the barrack, that she might get a better sight of him. As she was the mother-in-law of an officer of the palace, the Emperor could not be angry if he met her on his road. Being, however, in an ill-humour, he might, perhaps, give her a specimen of it; but Madame B—r feared nothing, and boldly ventured forth."

"It required more courage than people would imagine, to go out at this moment. One of the gales of the autumnal equinox was blowing in full fury, and the whirls of the flags above the throne indicated to Madame B—r that a similar effect would be produced upon her petticoats. On my making the observation to her, she replied that she would hold them down with her hands; and, in fact, we saw her for some time manœuvre so as to preserve things in decent order. The Emperor, occupied with what was passing eighty or a hundred feet below him, continued to walk rapidly up and down the terrace, without, however, passing a certain limit on either side. Madame B—r, who could not see him from the place where she stood, determined to go boldly round to the other side of the barrack, facing the throne. In this undertaking she exposed herself to the fury of the wind, which had increased in violence, and threatened this day of pageantry with a termination not very agreeable to the *légionnaires* who were to dine under an awning. The Emperor, much vexed, spoke very loud, and in a manner sufficiently energetic to excite in the highest degree the curiosity of a woman capable of appreciating Napoleon; and who must have been desirous of seeing him at a time when he evinced that he was not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. She forgot the storm, and, as I have already stated, turned the corner of the barrack. At this instant she was struck by a sudden gust, which got into her large bonnet, and loosened the ribbons with which it was fastened. Madame B—r wore a wig, which she felt would follow the bonnet; she therefore let go her petticoats to secure the head-gear; but the wind, bent upon having its own way, twirled and twisted about Madame B—r, who, by the bye, was of immense size, and without any ceremony began to lift up her gown and petticoats. It then became necessary for the hands to go to the assistance of the lower extremities. Thus the bonnet, abandoned to the caprice of the storm, was carried away, together with the wig, and poor Madame B—r saved the honour of her legs at the expense of her naked scalp, which stood confessed before Napoleon, who at that instant turned round to speak to the Minister of Marine, whom he thought to be close behind him. It must be confessed that such a spectacle was a difficult ordeal for the Emperor's gravity. It was impossible to help laughing at the sight of an immensely fat woman presenting a fat, white, round head, close shaved; her countenance expressing wildness and terror; and her whole body strained by her exertions to keep down her petticoats. The Emperor, however, behaved very well: his smile as he passed her was scarcely perceptible."

Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith. Edited by Lady Smith. 2 vols. London: Longman.

THE sciences, like the men by whom they are cultivated, and the countries in which they

flourish, have their periods of youth, of maturity, and decay; and many of the discoveries that immortalize the learned, should be regarded as the discoveries of the age, as much as of the individuals by whom they are made.

Learning, in the strictest sense, is cumulative; and each succeeding generation inherits that of the foregoing, on which it builds as a foundation,—whence a more extended view can be taken of the vast ocean of truth, that still lies undiscovered, before it. If one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived likened his brilliant discoveries to the finding of "a smoother pebble or a prettier weed than his fellow wanderers on the coast of science," let it not be thought that the credit is but slight to be the first to find these smooth and pretty stones, and plants, even if smoother and prettier should be subsequently found. It is not, then, a vain distinction to find these truths, which the tide of knowledge equally submits to every eye, and proffers to every hand; for it is no empty privilege to be blessed with eyes that, while they see, perceive, and ears that, hearing, understand: but the merit is far greater to drag them from the waves with outstretched arm, before the flood has cast them on the shore; and the honour greater still to cleave the surge with adventurous limbs, and pluck them from the bosom of the deep. Such "rari nantes in gurgite vasto" alone deserve, and they alone can claim, the unassociated possession of the discoveries they make.

These remarks spring not from a spirit of detraction in general; neither are they intended as special means of depreciating the daily earnings of our present, by unduly extolling the accumulations of the past: but rather with a wish that both should enjoy the honours they have gained, and from a conviction that neither will sink in absolute esteem, by allowing their full worth to the labours of the other. Our fathers were, on many points, of necessity less advanced in knowledge than ourselves; and if they occasionally, by anticipation, have, as it were, "stolen our good thoughts," they have left us a vast fortune of experience, bought by their exertions. This too often is forgotten, and, exalting ourselves on their accumulated labours, we spurn the 'vantage ground' we stand on, and boast as our own that height which, great as it is, is, in the greater part, not ours, but the height of the age in which we are privileged to live.

Lately, the physical sciences have made astonishing advances; and Natural History, in every department, has assumed a novel form. Much of this change is doubtless owing to the ardour of our cotemporaries (and many thanks to them for their exertions), but still more must be attributed to the proper use of facts discovered and accumulated by our predecessors: and shall they not have their meed of praise? Yes; for they liberally sowed the seed, and industriously tilled the soil, although it is our lot to reap the harvest. In no department of Natural History is the change alluded to greater or more notorious than in Botany; and in none are the advantages we derive from our precursors less thought of and esteemed. Even within the remembrance of almost the youngest amongst us, the aspect of our study is completely changed; and works now are obsolete, which, a very few years ago, were in the van of science. But

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still those works were good, for the period in which they were written; nor should they ever be despised, for they imparted that impetus, they contributed much to that rapid advance of knowledge, by which themselves have been left behind.

Hence, it grieves us to hear such works and their authors disrespectfully spoken of, and lightly esteemed; and we enter our protest against it now, because few persons, perhaps, laboured more industriously and successfully in the service of science than the late illustrious President of the Linnæan Society, whose *Life and Correspondence* now claim our notice. Few persons have had their works more read and studied, and few have had them more unceremoniously condemned.

Few persons have had the opportunity, and few have done so much, since the time of Linnaeus, towards rendering botany a popular study, and introducing a taste for phytological investigations, as the amiable subject of this memoir; for, at the time when his 'Introduction' appeared, vegetable physiology might, for the public foot, be almost considered untrodden ground. It is true, that much of Sir James Smith's physiology is imperfect; and a further advance in knowledge has shown many of his views to be incorrect: still, these were the errors rather of the age than of the individual; while his unwearied industry and his habits of patient investigation produced fruits which are indisputably his own.

At a period when little could be expected, either as emolument or fame, from a self-dedication to science, Sir James Smith devoted the greatest part of a long life to the advancement of Natural History, and especially to the study of plants. When quite a youth he founded a Society for these purposes in Edinburgh, and having, by a fortunate chance,—a chance that was fortunate, not for himself alone, but (from the manner in which he used his advantage,) fortunate for his country, and for philosophy in general, become the possessor of the Linnæan Herbarium, he founded, and was elected the first President of the Linnæan Society of London, a Society which fosters Natural History in all its branches, and which, we trust, will long remain a resting-place and refuge for science in this busy land.

That the fortunate possessor of the Linnæan Herbarium—to which references on disputed points must of course be made; for, by reference to the Linnæan specimens alone could such doubts be settled and such disputes decided—should be a devoted defender of the Linnæan doctrines, was a consequence to be expected. But so far from his being a bigoted partizan, he could only be considered an enlightened and liberal adherent. Like Linnaeus himself, he did not overlook the peculiar advantages of the natural methods of arrangement, and in his *Grammar of Botany* was one of the first to present the system of Jussieu to the English reader in a somewhat familiar form. That he did not pursue the natural method so far and so unhesitatingly as many of his competers, can be easily accounted for, by simply referring to his 'English Flora,' that labour of years, in which, not only have the species of English flowering plants been ascertained and described with a precision and clearness previously unequalled, but the references for synonyms all made anew, and the errors of

copyists corrected—a thankless task, and one that makes little show, great as is its value and importance; and the faithful performance of which must always render Smith's 'English Flora' invaluable as a work of reference for synonyms, as well as for the characters of species. They who have never been engaged in such a work, know little of the labour of correcting and verifying references and quotations: the few lines of abbreviations into which such references are condensed, will sometimes occupy not only one, but several days, and hours are often spent, without any trace of the work being left, merely in ascertaining the correctness of the text.

It is too often believed, that Linnæan botanists are inimical to physiological inquiries, and adverse to the natural method of arrangement,—contenting themselves merely with the artificial scheme and the indicative definition of plants. Linnaeus, so far from sanctioning any such procedure, did much for the advancement of the natural method, by distinguishing the duties of the analytic and synthetic systems. He himself published what he modestly called "Fragments" of a natural method—which were partly original and partly collected from the works of his precursors; the first steps in which are precisely similar to those in the system of Jussieu. And, strange as the statement may to some appear, the natural systems of Linnaeus and Jussieu are in some respects more alike than the natural systems of the present day are either consensaneous with each other, or similar to the Jussieuan scheme, under which name they are frequently referred to.

The acotyledons, the monocotyledons, and the dicotyledons, are the primary divisions, given by Linnaeus, as well as by Jussieu; and many of Jussieu's one hundred orders are, in those which exceed the fifty-eight of Linnaeus, comparable to the sections of the latter.

To us and our contemporaries, who have studied plants under the influence of the Linnæan philosophy,—and this, in some measure, all now living must have done, whether they are advocates of the Linnæan artificial scheme or not,—the indeterminate classification of known plants, and the confusion of systems, which rendered, before his time, the most familiar things obscure, are matters of history alone; and these facts, however important, are facts of which many seem forgetful. Enjoying the extended prospect they now possess, they neglect the path by which they ascended.

Let not our meaning, however, by any one be misunderstood. It is not to the use, but to the exclusive use (that is the abuse) of the natural system that we object; it is the use, not the exclusive use (which would be the abuse) of the Linnæan artificial scheme that we commend. Neither the one nor the other should be studied alone; nor should either or both be considered as that science which they are only fitted to subserve, any more than an index should be considered as the book it is attached to, or a road as the country through which it passes. The natural system may be likened to the natural geographical distribution of a country; the artificial, to the arbitrary subdivisions which are politically expedient: and although, for many purposes, it may be well to coast along its shores, and pursue the devious windings of its various streams, persons who are thus engaged should not condemn the canals,

the bridges, and the artificial turnpike roads albeit they regard not geographical boundaries, but cut through hills, and pass over streams, indifferent to all objects save direct utility.

We did not purpose, when we took up our pen, specifically to review the work, the title of which now forms our text; but rather to remind our readers of the state of botanical philosophy, during the period in which Smith flourished, and the era his name will mark; for in the history of science, as in the history of states, the lives of successive chiefs form successive epochs, to which reference is made; and without such memorials, the records would be scarcely worth preserving, as they could be but imperfectly understood; still, we cannot close this notice, and omit expressing the pleasure we have felt in the perusal of the correspondence, which, with the delicacy and tact peculiar to the female mind, Lady Smith has selected from the numerous papers that were left by her late husband in her charge: for in these volumes even strangers will trace the soothing influence of philosophy on the human mind; and his acquaintances seem to renew communion with their departed friend.

Collected Poems of the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes.' London: Steill.

HAVING been favoured with a few pages, containing the original poems in this forthcoming edition, we were about to introduce our extracts with some words of criticism, when we received *Tait's Magazine*, in which justice is not only done to the writer, but some particulars given of his early life, that cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. We shall therefore rest content with our former acknowledgments of admiration for his genius, and confine ourselves, for the present, to the biographical particulars furnished by our contemporary.

"Elliott was born rather more than fifty years since, in a village near the town of Sheffield. There,—we use his own strong words, and none can be found so fit,—he is still 'a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally labouring with head and hands, and alas with my heart too! If you think the steel trade, in those profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break out a ton.' A man of his knowledge and energy was not likely to remain the mere workman of another. Elliott, though labouring with his hands and head, is his own master, as well as his children's provider. But we must briefly advert to his origin and his youth. His father, a man of education and of great natural humour, was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment, and also a Jacobin, the name given in those days to the friends of liberty by the artifice of its enemies, and meant to express the last degree of whatever was ruffianly and opprobrious. He was, his son writes, 'a Jacobin, marked as such, and hunted, literally hunted out of society on that account. The yeomanry used to horse themselves, periodically, by backing their horses through his windows.' 'I,' says Elliott, 'I have not forgotten the *English Reign of Terror*; there you have the source of my political tendencies.' * * * Young Elliott excelled all his companions in kite-making, and such feats of boyish mechanical dexterity; but nevertheless obtained the reputation of a dunce, and almost a fool; and to prove that he deserved it he chose to play truant for weeks and months on end, preferring to hunt lizards, and search out birds' nests in the Threybergh woods to the first

four rules of Arithmetic. 'To those wild wanderings,' he says in the letter to a friend quoted above, 'I impute the love of nature and her wonders, which will quit me but with life.' Though averse to school learning, Elliott speaks with the utmost affection and respect of his early teacher, Joseph Ramsbottom;—as one of those unsophisticated beings, whom the *improved* state of society will no longer permit to subsist among us. He was disinterestedness personified; a man of genius, of infantine kindness, of patriarchal simplicity; the gentlest and most benevolent of human creatures: humble, pious, industrious, resigned, he lived and died as few can live and die.' He was an able mathematician and ingenious mechanic, and distinguished by a fondness for flowers. * * *

As Elliott was a suspected dunce only for liking the woods and moors better than Dilworth or Cocker, his father gave up the point of school learning, and sent him into the Foundry with which he was himself connected, upon the foreman (a shrewd man, belike,) giving the comforting assurance that the lad was after all no fool. Like the sturdy energetic Radical he afterwards grew, Elliott put his soul into his business, and soon gave promise of becoming a first-rate workman. 'At this period,' he says, in the letter noticed above, 'I was saved or lost by an accident;—'saved,' assuredly, if by this is meant that his character was, from this time, determined to poetry; or to pursuits which led to it. A young relative was taking in a work on botany, with coloured prints of plants, in monthly numbers, and Elliott was allowed to peruse it, and taught by a common mechanical process to trace the plates. He thus became a draughtsman, and a lover of plants, which again led him back to the woods, and away from the ale-house, whither he owns he had sometimes gone with the other workmen. About this same time his brother bought a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which, being a good reader, he read aloud to the family, until the reputed dunce silently obtained some faint glimmering perception of the beauty of the descriptions. When Giles laid down the book, Ebenezer took it up, and carried it into the garden, whither he duly went to compare the poet's descriptions with the natural living flowers.

On holidays he still sought the woods to gather flowers. Poets call their writings 'garlands, and wreaths, and chaplets.' How long Elliott's poetry continued literally so, we cannot tell; nor yet when his mute, or flower-worship of Nature burst forth into words—the strong, fervid, earnest words of 'impassioned truth.'

The poem, to which we mean to confine our extracts, is 'Bothwell,' a dramatic sketch, dedicated, in a noble spirit, "To my great Master, Robert Southey, who condescended to teach me the Art of Poetry." The scene is laid in the dungeon of a fortress on the coast of Norway. Bothwell, the beloved and the husband of Mary, the murderer of Darnley, the outlaw, the pirate, the prisoner, the maniac, is sleeping on his straw bed, watched by Rhinvalt, his fellow-prisoner: his long sufferings and present state are delicately hinted at in the conclusion of the following passage,—the musings of Rhinvalt, who is gazing on the stormy sea beneath his prison window:—

Rhinvalt. Splendour in heaven, and horror on the main!
Sunshine and storm at once, a troubled day.
Clouds roll in brightness, and descend in rain.
How the waves rush into the rocky bay,
Shaking th' eternal barriers of the land!
And ocean's face is like a battle plain,
Where giant demons combat hand to hand;
While, as their voices sink, and swell again,
Peace, listening on the rainbow, bends in pain.

Where is the voice, whose stillness man's heart hears,
Like dream'd music, wordless, soft, and low?
The voice, which dries on sorrow's cheek her tears,
Or, lest she perish, bids the current flow?
That voice the whirlwind in his rage reveres;
It bids the blast a tranquil Sabbath keep;
Lonely as death, harmonious as the spheres,
It whispers to the wilderness of the deep,
Till, calm as cradled babe, the billows sleep.
Oh, careless of the tempest in his ire,
Blush, ruby glow of western heav'n! Oh, cast
The hue of roses, steep'd in liquid fire,
On ocean in his conflict with the blast,
And quiver into darkness, and retire,
And let wild day to calmest night subside:
Let the tired sailor from his toil respire.
The drench'd flag hang, unmoving, o'er the tide,
And, pillow'd on still clouds, the whirlwind ride.
Then, queen of silence, robe thee, and arise,
And, through the barr'd loop of this dungeon old,
Visit, once more, its inmate's blasted eyes!
Let him again, though late, thy light behold!
Soulless, not sightless, have his eye-balls roll'd,
Alike in light and darkness desolate:
The storm beat on his heart—he felt no cold;
Summer look'd on him from heaven's fiery gate—
Shivering, he scowl'd, and knew not that he scowl'd.
Unweeping, yet perturb'd—his bed a stove—
Bonds on his body—on his mind a spell:
Ten years in solitude, (yet not alone),
And conscious only to the inward hell,
There hath it been his hideous lot to dwell.
But heav'n can bid the spirits' gloom depart,
Can chase from his torn soul the demon fell,
And, whispering, find a listener in his heart:
Oh, let him weep again! then, tearless dwell
In his dark, narrow home, unring by passing bell!

How beautiful, how full of poetry and passion, is the following! Bothwell, with returning reason, has now first made himself known to his fellow-prisoner:—

Rhinvalt. Did she, whose charms make tame
All other beauty, Scotland's matchless queen,
Creation's wonder, on that wither'd frame,
Enamour'd smile? Sweet tears there are, I ween;
Speak then of her, where tears are shed more oft than
scorn.

Both. Perhaps, the artist might, with cunning hand,
Mimic the morn on Mary's lip of love;
And fancy might before the canvas stand,
And deem he saw th' unrel bosom move.
But who could paint her heav'nly soul, which glows
With more than kindness? the soft thoughts that rove
Over the moonlight of her heart's repose?
The wish to hood the falcon, spare the dove,
Destroy the thorn, and multiply the rose!
Oh, had'st thou words of fire, thou could'st not paint
My Mary in her majesty of mind,
Expressing half the queen, and half the saint!

'Twas such a night—oh, ne'er, bless'd thought, depart!—
When Mary utter'd first, in words of flame,
The love, the guilt, the madness of her heart,
While on my bosom burn'd her cheek of shame.
Thy blood is ice, and, therefore thou wilt blame
The queen, the woman, the adulterous wife,
The hapless, and the fair!—oh, but her name
Needs not thy mangle! I, her disastrous life
Needs not thy curse! spare, slanderer, spare her fame!
Then wore the heav'n's, as now, the clouded veil;
Yet mark'd I well her tears, and that wan smile
So tender, so confiding, whose sweet tale,
By memory told, can, even now, beguile
My spirit of its gloom! for then the pale
Sultana of the night her form display'd,
Pavilion'd in the pearly clouds afar,
Like brightness sleeping, or a naked maid
In virgin charms unrivall'd; while each star,
Astonish'd at her beauty, seem'd to fade,
Each planet, envy-stung, to turn aside,
Veiling their blushes with their golden hair.
Oh, moment—rich in transport, love, and pride!
Big, too, with woe, with terror, with despair!
While, wrestling thus, I strive to choke my groan,
And, what I cannot shun, may learn to bear,
That moment is immortal, and my own;
Fate from my grasp that moment cannot tear!
That moment for an age of torture might atone!

After this, Bothwell refers to the murder of Darnley: the description is fearfully natural.

Now bends the murderer.—Hark!—it is a knell!—
Hark!—sound or motion? 'Twas his cringing hair.
Now bends the murderer:—wherefore doth he start?
'Tis silence, silence that is terrible!
When he hath business, silence should depart,
And maniac darkness, borrowing sounds from hell,
Suffer him not to hear his throbbing heart!—
Now bends the murderer o'er the dozing king,
Who, like an o'er-gorg'd serpent, motionless,
Lies drunk with wine, a seeming-senseless thing,
Yet his eyes roll with dreadful consciousness,
Thickens his throat in impotent distress,
And his voice strives for utterance, while that wretch
Doth on his royal victim's bosom press

His foot, preparing round his neck to stretch
The horrible cord. Lo, dark as th' alpine vetch,
Stares his wide-open, blood-shot, bursting eye,
And on the murderer flashes vengeful fire;
While the black visage, in dire agony,
Swells, like a bloated toad that dies in ire,
And quivers into fixedness! On high
Raising the corpse, forth on th' moonlight air
The staggering murderer bears it silently,
Lays it on earth, sees the fix'd eye-ball glare,
And turns, affrighted, from the lifeless stare.
Ho! fire the mine! and let the house be rent
To atoms; that dark guile may say to fear,
'Ah, dire mischance! mysterious accident!
Ah, would it were explained! ah, would it were!
Up, up, the rushing, red volcano went,
And wide o'er earth, and heav'n, and ocean flash'd,
A torrent of earth-lightning sky-ward sent;
O'er heav'n, earth, sea, the dread explosion crash'd;
Then, clattering far, the downward fragments dash'd.
Roar'd the rude sailor o'er th' illum'd sea,
'Hell is in Scotland!' Shudder'd Rolin's hall;
Low'd the sea'd sculler on the distant sea;
Trembled the city; shriek'd the festival;
Paus'd the pale dance from his delighted task;
Quak'd every masker of the splendid ball;
Rais'd hands unanswered questions seem'd to ask;
And there was one who lean'd against the wall,
Close pressing to her face, with hands convuls'd, her
mask.

And night was after that, but blessed night
Was never more for th' thrilling voices cried
To th' dreaming sleep, on th' watcher's pale affright,
'Who murder'd Darnley? Who the match applied?
Did Hepburn murder Darnley?'—'Fool!' replied
Accents responsive, fang'd with scorpion sting,
In whispers faint, while all was mute beside,
'Twas the queen's husband that kill'd the king,
And o'er the murderer's soul swept horror's freezing
wing.'

But how admirable is the closing scene, which we shall now quote!—

Rhin. Alas, how fare'st thou now! Darkness hath
chas'd
The dreadful paleness from thy face; thine eye,
Uprais'd, displays its white; thy cheek is laced
With quivering tortuous folds; thy lip, awry,
Snarls, as thou tear'st the straw; the speechless storm
Frowns on thy brow, where drops of agony
Stand thick and headlike; and, while all thy form
Is crumpled with convulsion, threat'ningly
Thou breathest, sniting th' air, and writhing like a
worm.

Both. Treason! in arms?—Sirs, ye are envious all.
To Mary's marriage did ye not consent?
Do you deny your signatures? this scroll
Of your vile names? True, I do not repent
That I divorc'd my wife to wed the queen;
True, I hate Mar; true, I scorn Huntley's bawl;
True, I am higher now than I have been
And will remain so, though your heads should fall.
Craig, of the nasal twang, who pray'st so well!
Glencairn, of th' icy eye, and tawny hide!
If I am prouder than the prince of hell,
Are ye all meanness that ye have no pride?
My merit is my crime. I love my sword,
And that high sin for which the angels fell;
But still agrees my action with my wish;
That your's does not so, let rebellion tell.

My comrades, whose brave deeds my heart attests,
Be judgment!
By heav'n, their cowardice hath sold us here!
Ha! dastards, terror quell'd us by a charm,
What! steal ye from the field!—My sword for thee,
Mary! and courage for his cause! This arm
Shall now decide the contest!—Can it be?
Did Lindsay claim the fight? and still lives he?
He lives, and I to say it. Hell's black night
Lower'd o'er my soul, and Darnley scowl'd on me,
And Mary would not let her coward fight,
But bade him barter all for infamy;
Dishonour'd, yet unburi'd; Morton's face
Wrinkled with insult; while, with cover'd brow,
Bravest Kirkaldy mourn'd a foe's disgrace;
And Murray's mean content was mutter'd low.
Pale, speechless, Mary wept, almost asham'd
Of him she mourn'd. Flash'd o'er my cheek the glow
Of rage against myself, and undefam'd,
Worse than my reputation, and not slow,
I left my soul behind, and fled in wordless woe.

Then ocean was my home, and I became
Outcast of human kind, making my prey
The pallid merchant; and my wither'd name
Was leagu'd with spoil, and havock, and dismay,
Fear'd, as the lightning fiend, on storm'd of day,
The Arab of the sky. And from that day
Mary I saw no more. Sleepless desire
Wept; but she came not, even in dreams, to say,
(Until this hour,) 'All hopeless wretch, expire!'
Thou scene
Of my last conflict, where the captive's chain
Made me acquainted with despair! serene
Ocean, thou mock'st my bitterness of pain,
For thou, too, saw'st me vanquished, yet not slain!

White billow, know'st thou Scotland? did thy wet
Foot ever spurn the shell on her lov'd strand?

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There hast thou stoop'd, the sea-weed grey to fret?
Or glaze the pebble with thy crystal hand?
I am of Scotland. Dear to me the sand
That sparkles where my infant days were nurs'd!
Dear is the vilest weed of that wild land
Where I have been so happy, so accurs'd!
Oh, tell me, hast thou seen my lady stand
Upon the moonlight shore, with troubled eye,
Looking towards Norway? didst thou gaze on her?
And did she speak of one far thence, and sigh?
Oh, that I were, with thee, a passenger
To Scotland, the blest Thule, with a sky
Changeful, like woman! would, oh, would I were!
But vainly hence my frantic wishes fly.—
Who reigns at Holyrood? Is Mary there?
And does she sometimes shed, for him once lov'd, a tear?
Farewell, my heart's divinity! To kiss
Thy sad lip into smiles of tenderness;
To worship at that stainless shrine of bliss;
To meet thy clysium of thy warm caress;
To be the prisoner of thy tears; to bless
Thy dark eyes' weeping passion; and to hear
The word, or sigh, soul-toned, or accentless,
Murmur for one so vile, and yet so dear;
Alas, 'tis mine no more!—Thou hast undone me, Fear!

With what satisfaction do we look back to our early notice of the writer of this poem—a notice written in no poor spirit of condescending patronage, but of warm and hearty admiration. That the fame which he has now attained would be his certain reward, we then felt assured: we ventured boldly to place him in the foremost rank of those who would win for themselves an undying reputation; and nobly is he fulfilling our prediction.

The portrait which is to accompany the work is not quite to our taste: the artist appears to have exaggerated rather than softened down the peculiarities of the face; and the engraving is too hard, and the background too heavy, to please us;—yet, with all its faults, it is most welcome.

A Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland. By John Gorton—the Irish and Welsh Articles by G. N. Wright, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall.

THIS very valuable work is now complete. We do not pretend to have examined it with laborious attention, but, so far as personal knowledge has enabled us to test its accuracy, we have found the information given abundant and satisfactory. The principle on which the work has been compiled, is original and most excellent; and the maps which accompany it (fifty-two altogether) are clear, and, from our faith in Mr. Sydney Hall, the engraver, we have no doubt, very correct. To make the work as complete as possible, an Analysis of the Reform and Boundary Bills has been added.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

COMMITTEE ON DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

It pleased the House of Commons during the last session, in consequence of several desponding petitions, on the subject of the drama, or rather on some personal losses or annoyances, experienced through the depressed state of the drama, to appoint a Committee of its Members to see into the matter. It also pleased the Committee to meet twelve several times, and to put to some few inapparent, and to several prejudiced people, 4197 questions, in certain allotments. We must confess, that we have seldom seen an inquiry pushed on with a greater display of unfitness on the part of the inquirers, and of divided opinion and interested assertion on the side of the respondents, than on the present occasion. The evidence, as it stands, has something of the character of an English chorus, in which each individual bearing a part, sings out for himself, and only to his

own satisfaction. It is pretty clear, that the gentlemen of the Committee commenced their interesting task with a tolerable unacquaintance (if we may emasculate ignorance into such a word,) of theatrical affairs, of the construction of the law as it stands, and of the powers of the Chamberlain, and of those in authority under him. On some of these points, by collision of actors and managers, a few sparks of light have been elicited: but the examinations of Mr. Mash, of the Chamberlain's office—of Mr. Collier—Mr. Colman, the Licensor—Mr. Halls, the magistrate—and Mr. Settle, the common-law clerk of Messrs Lowdham & Company, the solicitors, have left the true construction of the law, as at present existing, as unattained a point to the Committee, the public, and themselves, as the North Pole is at present to any other government explorer. The report shows, that the Committee have arrived at conclusions on the whole conflicting mass of evidence before them, with singular alacrity and ingenuity; for when we read of the results arising from the twelve days Burleigh shake of the Evidence's head—we are marvellously surprised, that there was so much meaning in it. Without an arrangement of the points on which the evidence was to be taken, or a marshalling of witnesses, (which the commonest lawyer thinks it essentially necessary to attend to in the commonest cause for trial,) a cluster of performers, managers, authors, and others, is got together; and a random fire of questions upon the unprepared and unfortunate body, is kept up through the twelve glorious days of June and July, until the whole party is dispersed or left senseless. It will not be unamusing, we think, briefly to refer to the bearing of the evidence of each witness.

Mr. Mash, of the Chamberlain's Office, opens the ball with a matchless display of blundering and ignorance—and all we can really gather is, an admission from himself of his having received an annual allowance from Drury Lane Theatre, to which he had no right. Mr. Winston states the regular drama to be, "tragedy, comedy, and everything on the stage." Mr. Collier, who really appears to have prepared himself with a good deal of very ancient information, and who, as Laporte said of old Frederick Reynolds, "is a clever man forty years ago,"—gave a luminous account of the office of the Master of the Revels, an account interesting to the curious, though useless to the Committee, and some fair criticism (a little too positive, perhaps,) on the acting drama, and on actors. He, however, having acted as Licensor pro tem. for Mr. Colman, admitted an ignorance of the powers of the Chamberlain, or of his censor. Mr. Dunn unavoidably demolished the Drury Lane licence. Mr. Collier explained. Mr. C. Kemble showed the worthlessness of the Covent Garden Patent, and stuck manfully up for monopoly—large stages, and earlier dinner hours. Mr. Arnold, who has a medium theatre, something between a major and a minor, has a difficult course to pursue. He would have the greater theatres preserved—but he would have the minor theatres classified and arranged. He does not complain of the large houses—he does not complain of the minors—so that they are not increased in number in Westminster:—he only thinks it would be proper,

that he should have a twelvemonth's licence, and liberty to play farces. Mr. Colman is in a fog throughout—he is licensor under the Act; he receives fees; he cuts out angels; but he does not know the powers with which he is invested—the origin of his office—the authority for his fees—or the duties he has to perform. He abuses Mr. Hawes, for having "placarded and blackguarded him," about the Oratorio licence; and feelingly laments the wickedness of his youth. Suggestion for improvement, alack! he has none! Mr. Dunn, in a second act of his examination, speaks in favour of the legitimate drama, and announces the interesting and odd fact, that the "The Lions paid their expenses." Mr. Davidge, of the Cobourg Theatre, complains of the law, and of having himself been selected for prosecution—praises the Cobourg as a pattern for theatres, and is all for open trade, conceiving he should be benefited by the change. Mr. Kean, having succeeded on a moderate stage to all his best fame, is for a larger theatre; and protests, that the one shilling gallery is the down to see the effect of a play. Mr. Downton "renounces" him—declaring, that the great stages are the ruin of an actor. Mr. Braham, having made a fortune at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, is all for the Cobourg—thanks God he is not a proprietor of a theatre—choosing wisely to be grateful, for being the *pluckee* instead of the *pluckee*—and mystifies the Committee about the keynote in a house, which rings like the sound of your finger on a tumbler. Mr. Osbaldiston, proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, is for melo-drama, the regular drama (according to Winston's definition, we presume), and the Surrey Theatre. Captain Forbes, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, is vehement on the side of vested rights, and against Mr. Halls, the magistrate, who would not convict—complaineth of Mr. Lowdham's bills for procrastinated and profitless law—calculates his proprietary pocket to be picked at the rate of 20,000*l.* per annum by the swell mob of the minors—and goes into accounts interesting only to the Covent Garden proprietors. Mr. Serle, the author of 'The Merchant in London,' offers some modest, sensible remarks on the monopoly, and is for restriction, although he has not been much the better for the majors. He is for fair competition; and, with much reason to be prejudiced on the question, he is the fairest and most dispassionate observer we have met with. Mr. Serle's notion of a theatrical lottery is not without its merit, and has, therefore, probably had little weight with the Committee. M. Laporte's evidence, in which he complains of the German Opera as prejudicing Covent Garden, is odd, when, subsequently to the giving it, it is understood that he has become the lessee of the King's Theatre, and has applied to the Lord Chamberlain for permission to perform the German Opera at that house—thus attempting what Lord Lowther terms an opposition against himself. Mr. Beazley gives the sizes of the theatres, and of their prices for his piece. Mr. Macready considers five-act plays, belonging to the great theatres, as constituting the legitimate drama (a sad cut at poor Mr. Winston's definition), and he is for small theatres for some plays, and large theatres for others. Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket Theatre, states, that Mr. Kean said the size of the Hay-

market was "more congenial to his wish" than that of the large theatres. Mr. Morris is for the right of playing 'The Hunchback' at his house, and for a government remuneration for his losses. Mr. Morton, reader to Drury Lane Theatre, and dramatic author, speaks in both characters, and candidly states his disinclination to see his own plays. Mr. T. P. Cooke is favourable to 'Black-Eyed Susan,' and the Surrey Theatre. He is anxious for protection for melo-dramas at the minor theatres. Mr. Morris is heard further, and at a serious length, on the liberal prices paid to authors by himself. Mr. Jerrold is then heard on the subject of 'The Rent Day' and authorship in general; and Mr. Swift, of the Tower, having turned his mind to this subject "for the last three months," gives the results of his experience at some length—his evidence is in favour of open trade. Mr. Mathews is kindly disposed towards the great theatres, but against the Strand Theatre and other unlicensed houses; and he is for defining the pieces to be played at particular places. He thinks good legitimate plays will revive a taste for the drama, which he contends is "not dead, but sleepeth." He is against the lions at the theatre, as a disgrace to the Stage (although he was the first to introduce the elephant to the public as a dramatic performer), and yet he was opposed to a burlesque piece at the Adelphi, which exposed the original abomination to contempt. Mr. Eugene McCarthy follows, and Mr. Moncrieff follows Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Moncrieff is for a better mode of remuneration to authors, and regrets having written 'Don Giovanni,' he having only obtained 10*l.* for that entertaining immorality. He is for a censorship. Mr. Bartley is against the small theatres, and is stage-manager of Covent Garden. He thinks the school of acting is gone. Mr. Bartley praises 'The Hunchback' as cheap, simple, and legitimate. Mr. Minshull, the magistrate, of Bow Street, is heard at great length on the subject of late dinners, and the laws relating to theatrical affairs, which, he states, he does not yet understand, having not yet had his attention called to them. Mr. Poole is good and dissatisfied, and offers to give a definition of the legitimate drama, by negative, which would be binding in law. Mr. Peake is heard on the difficulty of making a five-act comedy, and Mr. Settle, of the house of Lowdham & Company, details the difficulties of getting up a badly-arranged piece of law, which was damned, and of the great price paid for it. Mr. Ogden, one of the dear disinterested audience, is heard in fine words about the legitimate drama, being "rescued from the monopoly," and on "the native loveliness" of Milton's 'Comus,' as a stock-piece. Mr. Halls, the magistrate, wrong as he often is, is right in his view of the case brought before him, and of the evidence he required; and nothing could have been easier or more correct than for that evidence to have been produced.

Mr. Francis Place, of Charing Cross, expoundeth his own pamphlet, on the rebuilding of Drury Lane—and is, of course, against all monopoly. He is opposed to licensing plays, and thinks licensing theatres should be compulsory on the Chamberlain—Messrs. Raymond and Wilkins, two country managers, are averse to remunerating authors—but are for doing something in the case of the 'Hunchback.' Mr. Planché is for the French

mode of remunerating authors; and Mr. Morton comes forward again in rather a poetically prepared state, and gives Shakespeare's and his own opinion on large theatres. He thinks Kean is not so good at the Haymarket as at Covent Garden or Drury Lane; and a few folio pages of opinions on actors succeeding each other follow. Mr. Moore, the latter, trustee for Mr. Harris, is heard in favour of monopoly, and talks rather like old Mr. Hamlet, with "his beaver up." Mr. Kenney is for a classification of theatres, and not for unlimited power to every house to act what it pleased. He is great, and naturally so, upon his own pocket sufferings as an author. The evidence of Mr. Elton, one of the tragic actors of the minor theatres, is for small theatres against large ones—and he thinks the power of playing the legitimate drama should be given unrestrictedly to other theatres as well as the large ones. This is a very, very brief summary of the evidence—upon which the report (which has appeared in the daily papers,) is grounded. Thus, it will be seen, that twelve days have been expended by a grave Committee of the House of Commons, in examining nearly forty gentlemen, whose opinions no one person connected with theatricals, could have found a difficulty in detailing in one half hour. The only point on which there is an unanimity of opinion, is respecting the great value of Mr. Knowles's play of the 'Hunchback.'

We are compelled, from the length to which we have extended these observations already, to postpone a few select whimsicalities in the way of question and answer—and a remark or two which we are desirous of making upon the law as it stands, as well as upon the law as we think it should stand, until our next number.

POLAR EXPEDITION.

The fate of Capt. Ross and his companions has, at last, awakened public attention. A highly respectable meeting took place on Thursday, at which it was determined, that immediate steps should be taken to fit out an expedition to ascertain the fate of the enterprising traveller and his gallant companions: and (so far as may be found practicable with due consideration of the main object,) to perfect the survey of the north-eastern American coast. Government, it appears, have consented to grant 2,000*l.* towards the outfit, conditionally, that 3,000*l.* be subscribed by the public; Capt. Back, an officer acquainted with the country has volunteered to command the expedition; the Hudson's Bay Company have voted 500*l.*, to be expended in establishing depôts of provisions; a liberal subscription was immediately entered into by those present, and no doubt can be entertained that the required amount will be forthwith raised.

We were the first to call public attention to the possible fate of Captain Ross and his companions, (see *Athenæum*, No. 238,) assured, that the subject required only to be brought before the public to insure success, to any rational plan that might be devised for aiding them in their hour of peril, or ascertaining their melancholy fate if they have perished. To neglect this, would have drawn down upon the nation everlasting disgrace. To know that a bold and venturesome party of our countrymen had embarked in an expedition, which in its success, would add more honour to their country than benefit to themselves—to know, that since they sailed little or nothing had been heard of them, and that they may, at this moment, be dragging on a

miserable existence in the most inclement climate of the world—to know this, and not put forth a helping hand, but leave them to perish without one solitary effort for their relief, would be disgrace to human nature itself, much more to a nation proud of its civilization, and first in spirit and noble enterprise. The cause of humanity and science is, however, now espoused; and it is the moral duty of every one to come forward in its support.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

A prospectus of a *Dublin University Calendar* has been sent us, which, in addition to the ordinary information contained in such registers, promises to supply "a correct account of the constitution of the College, the plan of education pursued in the University, and the duties of those who propose to obtain academic degrees." Such a publication has been long wanted, and is not less likely to be interesting to the English than to the Irish public, especially as of late years the Dublin University has received a great accession of students from the northern and western counties of England. We have been long anxious to say a few words respecting the Dublin College, and gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity.

The seminary, being at once a College and a University, does not enforce residence as a necessary qualification for degrees; there are quarterly examinations to ascertain whether information has been acquired, and if the result be satisfactory to the examiners, the place where the information has been obtained, is, as it ought to be, a matter of indifference.

Not this is the only difference between the English and Irish Universities: Dublin opens its gates to dissenters of every denomination, and refuses to them no collegiate honours, except those which, by statute, are connected with the ecclesiastical discipline of the University. Hence there have been many instances of collegiate friendships softening the asperities of the mixed political and religious controversies that have convulsed Ireland, and preserving a link of social connexion when all other bonds have been broken. It must ever be lamented that the Irish Parliament did not take advantage of this liberality, and instead of erecting a College at Maynooth, found a Catholic faculty in the Dublin University for the education of the Catholic priesthood. But it is useless to speculate on what might have been—our present purpose is to describe what is, and give a brief sketch of the course of education pursued in the University, unjustly stigmatized as the "Silent Sister."

Candidates for admission to the University are examined in a prescribed course of Greek and Latin, nor can any become students by bringing testimonials of proficiency or private recommendations. The names of those admitted are classed in the order of their merits,—a modern custom that has excited a useful spirit of emulation in the Irish schools: first place at entrance is almost the only honour in which the schoolmaster has an incontestible claim to a share; those in other parts of the course belong more properly to the College tutor. The entrance course is, at present, rather meagre; but, for reasons that we shall have a better opportunity of stating, there are good grounds for hoping that this will be speedily remedied.

In the first, or Junior Freshman year, the students are examined four times by the Fellows; the class is divided into divisions of about forty each; two examiners, one in science, and one in classics, are assigned to each division, and the examination continues two days, from eight in the morning to ten, and from two to four, each day. Premiums are assigned to the best answerers in each division; but the person who gets a premium in the beginning of the year

cannot get another until the following year; if superior to the person who gets the premium at the second examination, he receives a certificate. The June certificate is contested by the January and Easter prize-men; the October certificate, justly deemed an honour of some importance, is given to the best of those who have previously obtained premiums. A certain proficiency in classics is necessary to the gaining of a science premium, and *vice versa*. The classics of each examination are a prescribed Greek and Latin book; the science of the first year is a miserable tract on logic, and Euclid to the end of the third book.

It would be a manifest improvement to place the entire of Euclid in one early examination, so as to compel the Irish schoolmasters to make the mathematics a necessary part of their instructions, and thus benefit those pupils, who, though not designed for College, receive their education at a classical school.

The routine of the second, or Senior Freshman year, is exactly similar to the preceding. The classics are of a higher order; the science consists of the sixth book of Euclid, a brief compendium of algebra, and the whole of Locke.

The improvements that we should suggest in this part of the course are the substitution of an analysis of Locke, Reid, Stewart, Browne, &c., for Locke's own work; an analysis, also, which, besides the parts essential for examination, should contain such an account of the principal writers on metaphysics, both at home and abroad, as would serve for a guide and direction to those who may wish to prosecute their inquiries farther than others. We should also recommend some notice to be taken of the higher mathematics, and especially analytic trigonometry, as introductory to the study of astronomy.

In the third, or Junior Sophister year, the number in each division is diminished, and, for some incomprehensible reason, there are no longer separate honours for classics and science. The consequence is, that classics are rather generally neglected, or only studied so far as to save the prize-man from getting a disqualifying mark. The science of the third year consists of Brinkley's Astronomy, and Lloyd's Dynamics, two of the very best scientific treatises in the language; and Stack's Optics, of which we cannot give quite so favourable a character.

In the fourth, or Senior Sophister year, the preceding routine is observed. The science of the year is ethics, viz. Burlamaqui's Natural Law, Butler's Analogy, Leland and Porteus on the Evidences of Christianity, and Tully's Offices; a course the deficiencies of which are more obvious than the means by which they are to be remedied. In all the examinations after the first, the students are examined in the back-science; and a deficiency in any part of it disqualifies just as much as a deficiency in the immediate subject of the examination.

It is necessary to pass five examinations to save the freshman, and six to save the sophister years; consequently, each student, before taking his degree, must have been present at eleven out of sixteen examinations.

The worst defect of the classical course, and it is one of recent growth, is the want of an historical examination. This might be easily remedied, and it is, indeed, one of the first improvements we anticipate.

The Scholars and Fellows have, by the statutes, certain duties to perform in the College chapel, and therefore these honours are confined to those who profess the established religion. The heads of the College are not over strict in examining the strength of a candidate's faith, the only test they require is the receiving of the Sacrament; and as many Catholics feel no scruples on this subject, it is not unusual to find Catholic teachers who have been Scholars in College.

Scholarship is freely open to competition;

Dublin has no Foundation Scholarships or Fellowships, and we trust will ever be free from them. The candidates are examined in all the classics read from entrance to the Easter examination. They are examined two days, as at the quarterly examinations, by the seven senior Fellows and the Provost. The greatest defect in this is, that the examinations are *visu voce*, and as there are frequently one hundred and twenty candidates, it follows, that each examines has exactly four minutes for each person;—supposing the examiner to be the shrewdest of mortals, this is rather a small allowance of time for discovering the extent of a candidate's knowledge.

Dr. Wallis—whom the world deem eccentric, because he is in the habit of doing generous acts, and refusing thanks, and making useful improvements, while he has a morbid dread of fame—on one occasion introduced the decided amelioration of a written examination. The true plan would be, for each examiner to prepare lists of questions, and have them printed at such an hour as to render it impossible that they should be seen by the candidates before they appeared in the hall; an hour should then be set apart for answering the questions of the several lists; and thus there would be a better criterion established, the examiner would be spared infinite trouble, and employment given to each of the examined for eight hours, instead of thirty-two minutes.

The Fellowship examination is a subject too important to be discussed in the little space left us. We reserve that, and the divinity course, for some future opportunity. We must at present content ourselves with enumerating the prizes beyond the regular course given by the University.

At the last examination before graduating, all who have got premiums during their course in science are examined together, and so also are the classical prize-men: the medals given to the best answers are the highest honours to which undergraduates can aspire.

Prizes for compositions in verse are given to undergraduates, and for compositions in prose to graduates, from a fund arising out of fees formerly paid to the Vice-Chancellor.

Prizes for extempore speaking, for prepared compositions in divinity, and for reading the Liturgy, are given to graduates below the standing of Masters of Arts.

On a comparison of the three Universities, we are persuaded that, though Oxford and Cambridge have produced more men remarkable for very superior attainments, yet that the average of information acquired by the entire body of students is greater in Dublin.

The expenses of education in the Irish University are unusually moderate; the entrance fees are about 15*l*., and the annual sum paid to the College, public professors, &c. averages about 14*l*. annually. The rent of chambers is almost ridiculously low; and commons cost about 10*s*. per week.

Every student entering College chooses one of the Fellows as his tutor, the fees paid to whom are included in the sum above mentioned. The tutor lectures each class of his pupils one hour a day during term—non-residents, of course, derive no benefit from these lectures, but their tutor usually sends them a quarterly letter of directions, as to books and parts of books that best merit their attention. Private tuition of a very high order may be had at a very moderate price; and, in general, the private tutors are among the most estimable characters to be found in Irish society.

In this description of the Dublin University, we have found much to praise, and little to blame; but we confidently anticipate a time, when we shall find more scope for eulogy, and no opportunity for censure. Dr. Lloyd, the present Provost, has already achieved the greatest

revolution ever effected by a single individual in a literary institution. He created the mathematical fame of the Dublin University. This revolution, too, he achieved when he was destitute of station and official power, and when those to whom every innovation was odious were "towering in their pride of place." He has thus given the world pledges of his devotion to reform—pledges also, which all the information we receive from Dublin, proves him anxious to redeem. There has been of late an unusual number of vacancies in the junior board; and all the new Fellows are honourably distinguished by an anxious zeal to raise the character of the University, and to have its members known to the world for something better than spouting at political clubs, and contesting with demagogues, the palm in tribunician oratory.

We heartily wish them success. This paper has ever devoted its columns to support the great cause of intellectual improvement in England; and we shall ever be ready to prove, by word and deed, that we are far from indifferent to the promotion of the same great object in the sister kingdom.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We hear from Italy, that Niccolini, the admired author of 'Antonio Foscarini,' and 'John of Procida,' is on the eve of setting the finishing hand to his new tragedy of 'Lodovico il Moro'—an episode in the history of that contentious and restless scion of the house of the Sforzas, Dukes of Milan, who raised the whole of Italy against the encroachments of the French and Imperialists, at the close of the fifteenth century. Independently of this venture in poesy, Niccolini has been long engaged on a 'History of the Sicilian Vespers,' in which much original information may be expected, from the author's access to a variety of Sicilian MSS. and chronicles, many of which have never before been consulted. The Italian literati too are expecting with some impatience, a new commentary on the 'Divina Commedia,' from the pen of Tommaso, a young scholar of proven fitness for the task; and Professor Ciampi, one of the most learned Hellenists and virtuosi of Italy, is occupied in bringing out a very ancient codex of Albertano's Moral Essays, which will show how much is yet to be done towards the study and illustration of the olden dialect of Italy. With a view to throw light on the origin of the Italian language, and its progress to the present times, Toselli, of Bologna, is publishing, in occasional parts, his 'Origine della Lingua Italiana,' which, in spite of many fanciful speculations, contains disquisitions of no mean value.

The announcements of new works at home—now we have seen the reviews and magazines—are not so numerous as we were led to believe. The great men of the Row and elsewhere, are almost idle. It is the young beginners only that are stirring. Moxon in a week or so, will publish Mad. d'Arbly's 'Memoirs of Dr. Burney;' they contain, we hear, anecdotes and sketches of Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Bruce, Boswell, Johnson, Reynolds, and other eminent men of the days of Burney: also an account of the publication of Mad. d'Arbly's first novel 'Evelina.' The *Quarterly Review* contains some capital articles; one on the Greek poetry, is remarkable for a peculiar feeling in matters of verse, as well as for research and learning:

there are also some hits—not gentle ones—respecting the monopoly of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Washington Irving, we are told, is at the head of an American Mission, to regulate the affairs of the Indians; he is looked for in London sometime in spring.

Allan proposes to publish, by subscription, a print from his fine painting of Sir Walter Scott in his study at Abbotsford; the size of the engraving will be sixteen by thirteen inches, and it is to be executed by one every way competent for the task, John Burnet. There is so much character in the work, that we are convinced it will engrave well—much better, indeed, than a picture which depended for attraction on its gaudy colours.

And now for a word of caution to the prudent; let them draw tight their purse strings, for it will require more than common forbearance to withstand Turner's forthcoming Annual. The engravings are splendid. We have been favoured with a sight of many of the proof plates, and know nothing in the way of book illustration that comes up to their promise. Of the 'Book of Beauty' we have also seen several proofs; they are exquisitely delicate, and not unworthy the bold title of the work.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting was held in Bruton Street, on Thursday last, Lee Thornton, Esq., in the chair.—The Secretary's report stated the balance in hand to be 1065*l*. 12*s*. 10*d*., after payment of all expenses, and the investment of one-fifth of the whole receipts of the month as usual. The number of visitors to the Gardens during October, exceeded 13,000, and the recent acquisitions to the menagerie were considered highly interesting, including two African Antelopes, the M'hor of the natives, (*Antelope dama*, of Pallas); a pair of Deer from Barbary; an animal allied to the Ichneumon, called the Manque, from the same locality, (*Croparchus obscurus*, of F. Cuvier); and three Beavers; these last were presented by the Hudson's Bay Company.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ London Philological Society Eight, P.M. Medical Society.....Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Linnean Society.....Eight, P.M. Horticultural Society.....One, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Geological Society.....p. 8, P.M. Royal Society of Literature ..Three, P.M. Society of Arts.....p. 7, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Astronomical Society.....Eight, P.M.
SATUR.	Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF DECEASED AND LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS,
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

It is something new to exhibit the pictures of deceased masters in art along with those of painters now living; the step is a bold and a venturesome one: it enables the public to judge between the quick and the dead, and it shows our rising artists the height they must scale before they can achieve a place in fame with their elder brethren. It is rather a severe trial, we think, for the living; time has not only mellowed the hues, and harmonized the effect of the older pictures, but those who painted them come to the trial in the fulness of their fame; and, were the merits of both equal, still the world is always ready to ascribe a higher degree of talent to those who have passed to

their place, than to those who live to challenge present praise and paint for more. On looking over the galleries, we could not help thinking that in this race of comparison some of the living artists have acquitted themselves well; but we think, at the same time, that in several instances more attention is paid to splendour of colour than to originality of character; this censure applies with considerable force to sundry specimens of portrait; but at present we have no desire to be critical, nor to lessen the praise due to the Society of British Artists, who have prepared for us this agreeable treat. The collection is interesting and varied; so old and so new; so merry and so serious; so commonplace and so poetic. To those who wish only to while away a heavy hour, this collection will be acceptable; while those who take such matters more seriously may not unprofitably compare Wilson with Barrett, Reynolds with Lawrence, Opie with Northcote, Gainsborough with Morland, West with Fuseli, and Romney with Hoppner. With Hogarth they will find none to compare—

None but himself can be his parallel.

There are some five hundred pictures exhibited in all, and of these many are furnished by the elder worthies of British painting. There are thirteen by Reynolds, seven by Gainsborough, six by Wilson, about as many by Lawrence, and sundry by Opie, Northcote, Romney, Hoppner, West, Fuseli, Morland, Jackson, Bonington, Harlow, Mortimer, Liversidge, Raeburn, and two by one who died much too soon, James Burnet. Even works of men of older date have been laid under contribution: there are ladies by Lely; portraits by Walker and Dobson; and heads and other matters by Hogarth. Of the works of the deceased brethren it is our duty to speak first: the heads by Dobson and Walker have great merit, both in character and colour; there is a roughed-in picture of the Happy Marriage, by Hogarth, which will be much looked at, were it only for an exquisite group of fiddlers in the back-ground; there is a conversation piece of his also, which we recommend to the consideration of all who are of opinion that he could not paint portraits; his head, too, of Thomson the poet is not amiss, and one of an old woman is excellent. There are landscapes by Wilson—one in particular, placed beside a scene by his rival, Barrett, which, in point of poetic grandeur, excels all else around; nor should the 'Waggon crossing the Brook,' by Gainsborough, be forgotten when truth and nature are talked about; it has been chosen by Major for the next number of his Cabinet Gallery. One small scene, by James Burnet, with cattle in it, is equal to anything of the same nature in the room. The portraits of the Duke of Leinster, and sundry ladies, give us a good example of Reynolds; while the late Queen, and the Princess Charlotte, and others, by Lawrence, enable us to judge of the relative merits of the presidents. On the whole, we have been both pleased and instructed with the sight of this collection—the beginning is fair, and we hope his speculation will be prosperous.

MUSIC

The Musical Gem for 1833. London: Mori & Lavenu.

THE present volume is fully equal to any of its predecessors. The music is well selected, comprising compositions by Beethoven, Hummel, Moscheles, Czerny, Herz, Mendelssohn, Auber, Lee, Horn, Neukomm, Vaccaj, Mad. Cinti Damoreau, Mad. Malibran, &c. The vocal pieces, with which we have been best pleased, are 'The Confiding Heart,' by Mendelssohn, and 'The Forget-Me-Not,' by Schubert. The embellishments consist of well executed lithographic portraits (with memoirs) of Mad. Schroe-

der Devrient, Mad. Cinti Damoreau, Mad. Stockhausen, and Henri Herz. The volume is altogether very handsomely got up, and will be a most acceptable present to any young musical friend.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

WE are somewhat surprised that several days have passed without any of the daily Papers having noticed so important a theatrical fact, as a change in the Lessee-ship of this Theatre. The new lessee, it appears, is Ben Jonson. We mention this solely on the authority of the play-bill, which we here quote.

"BEN JONSON"]

"The Lessee of this Theatre, anxious to present the standard dramas of England, with the united strength of the company, announces the revival of Every Man in his Humour."

We have no remarks to offer upon the prospect of improvement, or otherwise, which this change holds out. We shall try the new lessee by his actions—and deliver our opinions upon them, with our wonted impartiality. Indeed, if we have any bias, it is in his favour, for we think him decidedly a clever man. At the same time we must remind him, that it would have been more modest, when announcing his intention of reviving the standard dramas of England, if he had not put one of his own plays first. The truth is not to be spoken at all times, and we can see no reason why Mr. Benjamin Jonson should speak it on the present occasion.

A new piece, which the bills describe as an operatic drama, has been produced at this theatre. Its title is 'The Doom Kiss,' and its story has been taken from one of those thousand legends which are so popular in romantic Germany, but which are extremely apt to be coldly received in matter-of-fact England. As well as we could see through the fog of the plot, it is (the plot—not the fog) something like this: A certain count while on earth, has done something to somebody which seems to militate against his own repose after he has left it; the "foul fiend" having passed a kind of unkind sentence upon him, by which he is condemned to walk the earth until—but for further particulars inquire of the ghost of Hamlet's father. How "the kiss" was connected with this "doom," we could not exactly understand; but in some way it was, for Mr. Phillips informed us in so many words, that he was ordered to kiss Mr. Brindal. This custom of male salutations, so prevalent on the continent, is little agreeable to the notions of Englishmen—still less to those of English women. In the present instance, it does not appear to be so to the ladies of Germany, for one of them interferes, and effectually prevents the deed. We shall say no more of the piece itself, because we are not fond of finding fault, and prefer cutting the matter short where there is nothing else to find. Of the music, we can conscientiously speak in terms of high praise, and we therefore hasten from the less to the more satisfactory part of our duty. The papers have long taunted Mr. Bishop with want of due effort and exertion in his art—we must admit, with some reason. Still, when he has at length awoken from his slumbers, and shown that he can be all he ever was, why should they withhold that applause which he honestly deserves? It is most unfortunate that the charming music of this piece should have so dull a mate in the dialogue, but why let composer suffer for the faults of the author? In France, in Italy, or in Germany, Mr. Bishop's genius and talent would be properly estimated, encouraged, and rewarded—

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may, even in England, it will be yet—let him not despair—let him only wait patiently until a short time after his death, and then let him see, if he can, what a fuss will be made about him. We have a very high opinion of our country, and its men, but we have no patience with their coldness towards artists of high ability, while alive. If the occasion of Sir Walter Scott's visit to London had been seized to get up such honours to him as are now paying to his memory, the intense gratification it would have conferred upon him, might perhaps have given him renewed life—it would at least have been a source of pleasing contemplation to him while life and sense remained. Mr. Stanfield seldom misses any opportunity which the author may afford him "to show the glory of his art." In the present instance, he has been eminently successful. Mr. H. Phillips made his first appearance for the season in this piece, and it was hailed by the audience in a manner worthy of both parties. The rest of the characters were sustained to the topmost height of their respective deserts by the ladies and gentlemen to whom they were cast, and, had the author but done his duty one half as creditably as the actors, we should have had a pleasant report to give of 'The Doom Kiss.'

COVENT GARDEN.

A farce, in two acts, called 'The Clutterbucks; or, the Rail-Road of Love,' was played here for the first, but not the last time, on Wednesday night. Like the Liverpool Rail-Road, a view of which its first scene presented, it was hard, rattling, noisy, and long; but like it again—it was exciting, rapid, busy, and smooth. It was the first rail-road we ever saw without sleepers; the actors were awake to their business, and the audience was awake to their merits. The length of the piece was in a great measure compensated for, by the rapidity with which we were carried through it, and, being in no mood to go out of our way to find fault, we shall continue on the straight and easy line of praise, and let its demerits remain unnoticed in the *pass-by's*. There is no occasion to occupy space and time with the details of a plot, which is as like the plots of fifty other farces, as one part of Chat-Moss is to the other. The acting on all hands was good, but that of Mr. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, was such as to raise the value of the shares in this rail-road, at least seventy-five per cent. Upon the whole, we recommend theatrical travellers to take one journey upon it, and try a sample.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles's Masque in honour of Sir Walter Scott followed, and was, as usual, loudly and deservedly applauded. It is in truth a charming and a touching production. We admire Mr. Knowles so much as an author that we can't help wishing he would not force us to think less of him as an actor;—or rather—we wish he would let us have to think less of him as an actor;—we prefer his plays before his playing—his masque before his face; and cannot help fancying that he is wronging himself when he is not writing. It is impossible for us to conclude a mention of this entertainment without offering Miss Taylor our hearty congratulations upon her having suddenly learned to hold herself upright—we always had a high opinion of her head, and we never lowered the one until she lowered the other. We trust never again to see her bent, except on keeping straight.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

'KILL OR CURE,' a one act farce, in which Mr. Liston, Mrs. Orger, and Mr. Webster, have the principal characters, was produced, and proved highly successful, here on Monday night. It is written by Mr. Charles Dance.

Improvement in Athens.—Cleanthes, a native-born Greek, from the foot of Mount Olympus, after studying architecture for several years, at Berlin, has returned to his native soil, in company with a young German architect, and taken up his abode at Athens, where both of them have found ample employment in erecting dwellings and mansions for our enterprising fellow-countrymen, who have transferred their homes to this classic region. The young architects have built a handsome house in the European style, for their own accommodation, on the summit of the Acropolis, which commands a delightful prospect of the ruins of ancient Athens and its attractive environs. On this spot, they are busy collecting the perishing fragments of ancient sculpture, and are gradually rescuing the columns, friezes, and other remains, which are found inlaid in buildings of later construction, from their present hazardous and ignominious sites. They have already succeeded, without injury to the buildings themselves, in recovering a considerable number of these reliques, which belong to the remotest periods of Grecian art.

Dante.—A monument to the memory of this great poet, ennobled with colossal figures, has at length been erected in the church of the Holy Cross, at Florence, where the remains of many an illustrious scholar are already enshrined. "In order to appease his indignant shade," as a native resident observes, "the monument records its tardy erection in these words:—Dante, Alighierio Tusi honorarium tumulum, à majoribus ter frustra decretum, anno MDCCCXXXI, feliciter excitavit." After many a fruitless endeavour to prevail upon the people of Ravenna to part with the poet's ashes, the dedication of this cenotaph to his memory was determined upon, so far back as the year 1802; but one difficulty or another constantly retarded its execution, until Stephen Ricci was at last enabled to take it in hand, about four years back.

The Hospital and School of Industry of St. Michael's, at Rome.—On the 29th of last month, this establishment was thrown open to public inspection, and a number of select specimens of the abilities of the pupils, brought up in it, were exhibited: amongst these, were four busts in marble, of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bramante, and Mark Antony, which it is intended to place in the new hall of entrance. Independently of several paintings and engravings on copper and stone, which evinced considerable talent, the pupils for the first time exhibited printing types, and block-engravings, as well as proofs of their skill in the weaving of carpets, woollen yarns, cloths, and linens. Several of the most distinguished prelates in Rome were present at this interesting scene.

Yellow Complexions.—These are peculiarly characteristic of the Calmuc race; and they set so high a value upon a yellow skin, as to esteem it a signal proof of the divine favour. An ancient of one of the tribes being reproached with his "jaundiced coverlid," proudly retorted, that God had dealt him the same gracious measure of adornment, as to the fairest of his creations,—the sun, wheat, and gold.

Habits of Animals.—It has been asserted, from of old, that the river falcon (*Falco haliæetus*, Linn.) seizes at times upon fish of so large a size, that he is unable to carry it away with him, and is dragged under water by his prey, and drowned. Nor is it an uncommon thing to find the skeleton of this bird adhering to fish, which inhabit those pieces of water, to which he resorts. But, says the celebrated German naturalist, Brehm, I never could succeed in obtaining a proof of the fact, until the autumn of 1828.

On the 7th of October, in that year, a countryman, who was walking near a pond, observed a large bird sitting on the edge of it: he approached the bird, and, to his great astonishment, found her perched upon a fish of very large size, from which she could not extricate herself. He crept as gently as he could close up to her, and threw his stick at her with so much force, as to break one of her wings. He then killed her, but found it an extremely difficult task to disengage her claws from the gills of the captive fish. The falcon was a female, of the *Pendion* alteept species, and I have given her a place in my collection, in common with a record of the extraordinary circumstances of her death. The same naturalist, when speaking of the wasp buzzard (*Pernis, Cuvier*), which draws out the sting of the insect before he swallows it, communicates an interesting extract from a letter, which he had received from a noble friend. "I was informed," says Baron de Seyffertitz, "that a large bird had been for some time sitting in my garden, hard at work. The next morning he returned to the spot as soon as it was light, and taking up my gun, I crept, under covert of a currant bush, to within twenty paces of him. I now perceived that he was at work on a wasp's nest, which lay underground, and labouring at it might and main. With a view to prevent too many wasps from coming out at a time, he closed the opening into the nest with one of his wings, sprung after the wasps, which were getting away with great nimbleness, beat them to the ground with his other wing, and then despatched them. He pursued this game until he had reached the nest itself; this he gradually pulled to pieces, devouring the poor insects as they turned up. My patience was by this time exhausted, and I shot him dead." This, adds Brehm, is an incontrovertible proof, that the wasp buzzard, as well as the fox, dig up wasp's nests from below the surface, and are each, in their way, very useful animals.—*From a Correspondent.*

A Delicate Stomach.—A Philadelphia paper says, "the lion lately imported would eat nothing but chickens during the voyage, and always turned up his nose at beef."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th. 29	56 43	30.30	E.	Cloudy.
Fr. 30	49 34	Stat.	Var. to N.E.	Foggy.
Sat. 31	42 38	Stat.	Do.	Do.
Sun. 28	56 45	30.25	Var. to S.W.	Moist.
Mon. 29	57 37	29.95	S.	Do.
Tues. 30	56 37	29.90	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 31	48 37	29.95	S.W.	Rain. P.M.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus. Nights fair, except on Sunday and Wednesday; Mornings fair, except on Sunday.
Mean temperature of the week, 43°. Day decreased on Wednesday, 6h. 56m.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Gifford's edition of Shirley, uniform with his Ben Jonson, and Massinger, will be published in December, with a new portrait engraved by Lupton.

A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, at the Commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, by the Rev. W. M. Blewett, M.A., late of Oriel College, Oxford.

A new work by the Author of 'Cavendish,' 'The Laureate,' a Literary, Political, and Naval Satire.

Just published.—New Readings of Old Authors, 1s. 6d.—Bishop Huntingford's Posthumous Works, 8vo. 12s.—Hinton's Harmony of Religious Truth, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Donn's General System of Gardening and Botany, 4to. Vol. II. 3s. 12s.—Woolrych on Capital Punishment, 3s.—Illustrations to Valpy's Shakespeare, 4s.—Swinburn's Farmer's Account Book, new edition, 4to. 10s. 6d.—Shewell's Housekeeper's Account Book, 1833, 4s.—Affection's Gift, 1833, 3s.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, 1833, 6s.—Memoirs of Capt. Peter Heywood, R.N., 8vo. 9s.

Erratum.—The name of Percy was affixed as publisher to the 'Banks of the Loire,' noticed last week; it should have been FARRIS, Brighton.

ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DARNLEY,' ETC.
Just published, by Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street,
(late Colburn and Bentley.)

THE STRING OF PEARLS.
By the Author of 'Darnley.' (On Tuesday next.)

II.
GERALDINE HAMILTON. A Tale. 2 vols.
"The fair and young in the brilliant circles of life described, will be under great obligation to the noble authoress for the lessons she has afforded them."—*Morning Post*.

III.
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ROSCOE'S SPANISH NOVELISTS.
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Also, just ready,

VI.
OTTERBOURNE;
Or, the EARLY DAYS of HOTSPUR;
By the Author of 'Derwentwater.' 3 vols.
"It felt about the Lammis tide,
When the main-aven with their hay,
The dogberry Earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey."
SCOTT'S MINSTRELS.

THE BUCANEER.
A STORY OF THE PROTECTORATE.
By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Author of 'Sketches of Irish Character,' &c.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
THE BRITISH MAGAZINE, No. IX.
For NOVEMBER, price 2s. is now ready.

"It has more influence in upholding the interests of the Church, than all the Conservative and Tory Magazines put together."—*Windsor Express*.
J. Turrell, 250, Regent-street, and Mr. Smith, 12, Berners-street, to whom all Communications for the Editor, (post paid,) Books for Review, and Advertisements, are to be directed.

THE METROPOLITAN,
For NOVEMBER 1.

Edited by Captain MARKYAT, R.N. C.B.
Contains, among many other interesting Articles:
1, Scraps from the Diary of a Traveller. By T. Moore, Esq.
2, On Novels and Novel Writing.
3, Naval Architecture.
4, The Union Repealed.
5, Clit Chat.
6, Letter from Paris.
7, The Love-Letter.
8, Mr. Canning.
9, The Kite.
10, Peter Simple.
11, The Dying Troubadour.
Saunders and Oiley, Public Library, Conduit-street; sold also by Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, Glasgow; and F. W. Wakeman, Dublin.

This day was published,
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CCL. for NOVEMBER, 1832.
Contents: Traditions of the Rabbin—Tom Cringle's Log, Chap. XV.; The Cruise of the Firebrand—The Supper of Calais—Gulph on Landscape Gardening—James's History of Charlemagne—The Cholera Mount, by James Montgomery, Esq.—Lament of an Egyptian Princess, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley—Hesiod, No. III. The Shield of Hercules—The Working of the Bull—The State and Prospects of Whig Government—Notas Ambrosiane, No. LXIV.
W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY, for NOVEMBER, price 1s. 6d., contains, 1, On the Intellectual Character of Sir Walter Scott—2, Notices of France, from the Commonwealth—Book of an Invalid—3, The Prayer of Noah—4, On the Studies and Public Ministry of F. V. Reinhard—5, Faust (Goethe's Works, No. VI.)—6, A Parable, by Miss H. Martineau—7, On the Morality of Andrew Marvell's Father—8, Sarraus on the Revolution of 1830—9, Orthodoxy and Unbelief—10, Critical Notices.
C. Fox, 67, Paternoster-row.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
No. VIII. for NOVEMBER. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

1, The Radical Port—2, Life and Times of a Protocol, by Himself—3, The Brute of Marcellus—4, Mr. Hume and the Small Whigs—5, Rhine Tourism—6, The Punishment of Death, No. II., by the Author of Anti-Draco—7, The Mad Tots's Song—8, The Irish Countess—9, Marriages are made in Heaven—10, Dr. Chalmers—11, The Town—12, The Funeral of Sir Walter Scott, by an Eye-witness—13, Dirge to his Memory—14, The Slave-holders the Missionaries, and Mr. Jeremie, a Scotch Voter, a Sketch from Real Life—15, The Good Old Tory Time—17, The Hare-hound and the Witch, by the O'Hara Family—18, Tait's Commonwealth—19, Monthly Register.

Printed for William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

NOTICES OF NO. VII. FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of *Tait* opens with an astounding lecture to the Ministry. The paper contains a deal of sterling and independent principle, as well as much talent. 'Night-burial at Sea' is a piece of fine pathetic poetry.—*Edinburgh Gazette*.

This periodical, for power of style and argument on political topics, originally in its miscellaneous department, and acute criticism in its literary notices, has already acquired a first-rate reputation.—*Bath Herald*.

Tait's political articles are intelligent, straightforward, and honest, in most remarkable degree.—*Dundee Chronicle*.

Tait is advancing in a steady course of vigorous improvement. The spirit and independence of the political articles place the Anti-Ebony among the first upon the list. 'The Ministry and the People' is an excellent and candid examination into the pretensions of the Government, and an exposure of some of their recent transactions, which must cause them to change their policy. This number is the best *Tait* has issued.—*Wye Mercury* (Newcastle).

'The Ministry and the People' is a powerfully written paper; and the article, 'Financial Reform,' is well worthy of notice.—*Plymouth Herald*.

This is the most varied and interesting number of the series. 'The Ministry and the People' is masculine, profound, bold, outspoken, and full of truth. 'The Works' is what we have long desired to see. 'Financial Reform' is by Sir Henry Parnell—need we say more? 'Ireland and Scotland' speaks to us like a homely, from experience, to political pedantry, and will have a powerful effect. 'The Works' is excellent; and the papers on 'Rousseau' and 'Shelley' are the productions of philosophical minds, meliorated by sensibility, and guided by a sense and lofty tone. 'The Works' is full of quiet, rich, sparkling humour, and, ever and anon, dashes out with sparks of real genius. Who can doubt that it is *Tait's*? Mr. Tait's complete success in furnishing his country with a literary journal of first-rate variety and talent, and a political engine of noble purpose and lofty power, is now no longer problematical.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

The number of this excellent periodical for the present month should be read by every reformer and every lover of his country. It contains several political articles, written in a tone of independence, and with a degree of talent not often equalled.—*Chichester Gazette*.

This important magazine has now sent forth seven numbers. The strength and talent displayed in its literary department will render it a formidable opponent to Blackwood, on the only ground upon which he can claim public patronage.—*Western Times* (Exeter).

We would call upon the people to support Mr. Tait to the utmost of their power, as their interest, fearlessness, and uncompromising advocacy.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

In the number before us there is much that commands attention, and so small portion that deserves praise.—*Exeter Flying Post*.

Of the thirteen articles which fill this number, there are no less than ten full of spirit and merit. The remarks on the Ministry and the People are, generally speaking, very correct. The description of the half measures, whose extravagance, and complete want of knowledge of government, is a hard hit, because it is true.—*Berbyshire Courier*.

Tait's Magazine exercises a powerful will in the country. 'Financial Reform' cannot fail to be useful. It is the work of a practical, accomplished, enlightened mind.—*Glasgow Scots Times*.

We have perused the political papers of No. VII. with great pleasure, and strongly recommend them to serious consideration. They are written in a manly, straight-forward style.—*Dublin Times*.

We have read no paper of a political character deserving so much attention as that entitled the 'Ministry and the People.' It is a friendly remonstrance from those desiring the Ministry's continuance in office, and is meant as a wholesome warning.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

The number, altogether, is excellent.—*Aberdeen Observer*.

The October Number of *Tait* contains several excellent articles. We must admit that there is much justice in the censure cast upon the Ministry, and much truth in the advice given them as to their future conduct. There is a clear and able article on 'Financial Reform,' evidently by Sir Henry Parnell. 'Ireland and Scotland' is a powerful exhibition of the wrongs of Ireland. *Tait* maintains his character as the ardent and powerful friend of the people, and of freedom throughout the world.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The October number of this truly honest and most clever Magazine, contains many articles of great power and distinguished beauty, and places the relative situation of the Ministry and the people, at this moment, upon a ground from which the flatterers and the dependents of the Whigs will find it extremely difficult to dislodge the honest sturdy Scottish periodical.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

Some Passages in the Life of John Bull is replete with truth as it is with humour. We have laughed till our sides ached, at the ridiculous figure some of your great ones make in this dramatic article. 'Ireland and Scotland' should be read by every man who has a heart capable of one sympathetic throb.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

This is the only Magazine in the Three Kingdoms that advocates, bona fide, the people's real interests, and represents the people's real opinions and feelings. The principle on which it works is Bentham's philosophical principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" and it is developed with a mastery talent and unflinching boldness that have seldom, if ever, been thus systematically engaged on the side of popular politics.—*Windsor Express*.

This day is published, price 6s. No. XX. of
THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,
CONTENTS.

ART. I. Chateaubriand's Works—2, Italian Pulpit Eloquence: Study of Religion in Italy—3, German Origin of the Latin Language—4, Gouverneur Morris: Views of the French Revolution by an American Spectator—5, The Poets of Portugal, with translated Specimens—6, French Novels—7, Present Condition and Future Prospects of Steam Navigation—8, Sordani's Italian Translation of Milton's Paradise Lost—9, Revolution of 1830: Government of Louis Philippe—10, M. Douville and the Foreign Quarterly Review—11, Felt's Picture of Goethe—12, Lotze's New Edition of Westein's Greek Testament—13, Ranke on the Spanish Constitution against Venice in 1618—14, The Russian Police-Spy in Poland—Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence. No. XX., from France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Switzerland, and Oriental Literature.—List of the principal New Works published on the Continent from July to October.—Index to Vol. X.

Published by Treuttel and Wirtz, and Richter, 30, Soho-square; and Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden; and Robert Cadell and Thos. Clark, Edinburgh; John Cumming, Dublin; and by all respectable Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, the Continent, and America.

This Number completes the Tenth Volume. A few complete sets of this Review may still be had from the commencement—Nos. I. to X. at 7s. 6d. each; XI. to XX. 6s. each; or the 10 Volumes, handsomely done up in extra boards, price Six Pounds.

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